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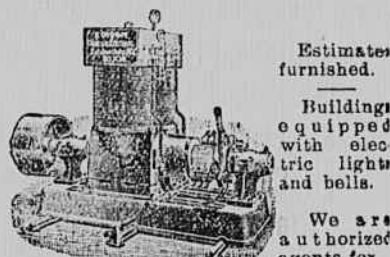
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passed through winter in front of Bell
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in curb stone, steps, platforms, dimen-
sion stone, &c. Address,
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THE TEMPLE AT AEGINA.

Here would the beauty loving Greek beguile
The thought of death that froze him. Still
and lone
The sacred summit, where through years long
gone,
Blamed, with Art's supreme victorians smile,
His haunted heart on solitary pile;
Where, hymned by chants from white sailed
galley blown
O'er those blue waves' melodious monotone,
Pallas Athena crowned Aegina's isle.
Hence would I seek, when sweetly dies the day,
With yearning eyes her yet more glorious
shrine.
Beyond the billowy mountains' barrier gray,
Till my charmed spirit feel her flash divine;
So shall Athena reassert her sway,
So shall her perfect loveliness be mine.
—C. A. Kelly in Blackwood's Magazine.

MY ODD EXPERIENCE.

I am a commercial traveler, and when
traveling long distances time hangs very
heavily on my hands for want of some-
thing to do. A few days ago, while travel-
ing from Newmarket to White Haven, I
was perusing my favorite paper when my
eyes fell on the following: "To Authors—
One guinea a column is paid for original
contributions."

I had seen this notice every week, dating
from the first few weeks this noted jour-
nal of "fact, fun and fiction" entered on
its remarkable career, but now it suggest-
ed to me an idea. Why not, when travel-
ing, devote my time to contributing to this
paper?

No sooner thought of than out came my
notebook, and I traveled some miles further
in deep thought, endeavoring to find a sub-
ject on which to base my story. At length
I came to the conclusion that I had got a
column or two of interesting matter, so I
commenced writing. After having half
filled my notebook and concluded the last
chapter of the tale I closed my book just
as the train began to come to a standstill,
and I heard the porters' voices crying out
"Whitehaven."

This being my destination for the present,
I emerged from the compartment, put my
luggage (two sample bags) in the left
luggage office and went off in search of
diggings. I had not proceeded far when I
noticed a card in a window on which was
printed "Apartments." I made inquiries
about the rooms, and was shown over them
by the landlady. The price being favorable
and her rooms comfortable, I engaged them
for a fortnight. She seemed to look on me
with suspicion, so I tried to assure her
of my integrity and respectability by
remarking that I was a commercial traveler.
She still seemed very dubious, and re-
marked apologetically:

"You haven't much luggage, sir."

"What little I carry I have left at the
station; and now, if you please, I will take
some tea, Mrs. Smith," I replied.

While she was preparing this meal I took
out my book, and began to go over my li-
terary effort, when the landlady entered to
spread the table.

"By the bye, sir, may I make bold to ask
your name?"

"Oh," I replied half jokingly, assuming
the name I had given to a character in my
story; "Edwards is my name." I little
thought how much trouble I should pass
through as the result of an assumed cog-
nomen.

Having finished preparing tea, she with-
drew and once more I was alone. Presently
I went for a stroll round the town and then
on to the pier. There I saw a bill an-
nouncing that the steamer Lady Flind ran
twice weekly to Belfast. I had often
thought I should like to see Belfast, so,
not being overburdened with business, I
determined to go with the steamer on the
Thursday.

In the meantime I did my business
during the day and spent my evenings in
writing out my tale on several sheets of
note paper preparatory to forwarding it to
the editor.

Thursday, the day fixed for my trip to
the Emerald Isle, arrived. I got through
my business in good time, and as the boat
did not leave until 8 p. m. I thought I
would have a game of billiards at the
station hotel, so thither I made my way.

While watching a game I remembered that
I had not told my landlady of my inten-
tions, and looking at my watch I found I
had ten minutes in which to go to my
rooms, gather my papers and inform Mrs.
Smith of my excursion. I rushed to my
rooms, and while I hastily gathered my
scattered sheets of the manuscript ex-
plained to Mrs. Smith:

"Going to Belfast—must run—back on
Monday. Good day!"

When I arrived at the pier the vessel was
already in motion, but I got on board, and
soon the town of Whitehaven grew less
and less distinct until it gradually disap-
peared from sight.

Having settled down in the saloon, I be-
gan to wonder whatever my landlady
would think, for I had not paid her a
farthing. In my hurry and excitement, but
I had promised myself I would make it all
right on my return.

We landed at Belfast at 7 o'clock on
Friday morning. I took a room at a tem-
perance hotel and prepared myself for a
look around the city. I had returned to
my rooms to tea in the evening when a
knock came at the door.

The waiter informed me that two gen-
tlemen wished to see me, so I told him to
show them in. Presently two tall gen-
tlemen entered. Not recognizing them, how-
ever, I bade them be seated, when one of
them remarked:

"I think you're Mr. Edwards?"

I was puzzled for a moment.

"Well, yes," I replied, remembering my
tale; "I am known by that name, but you
have the advantage of me. To what may
I ask, do I owe the honor of this visit?"

In reply one of them handed me his card
on which was printed, "F. P. B.—, de-
tective, Belfast city police, Ireland."

"Well, I fail to understand the nature of
your visit even now."

"Oh, yes, of course, we expected that;
but it is no good beating around the bush,
Mr. Edwards. I wish to ask you a few
questions."

"Proceed, then," I replied.

"Your name is Edwards, you admit?"

"Well—er—that is a name I used on one
occasion."

"On Thursday evening you left White-
haven?"

"Yes."

"Were you, when in that town, lodging
at the house of a Mrs. Smith?"

"Certainly I was."

"Then you are the man we want, and
before I state the offense with which you
are charged be careful what you say, as we
shall use it as evidence against you."

More mystified than ever, and boiling
over with rage and indignation, I thundered
out:

"Why the dickens don't you come to the
point? What blundering tomfoolery is
this? In search of me? you warn me!—
offense—charge—evidence!"

"Now, Mr. Edwards," he interposed, "do
not make a disturbance. I will read the
charge, and then you can come with us

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

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quietly, and no one will be any the wiser." Proceeding, he said: "You are charged on your own confession with murder; that is all I can tell you at present. My duty is to arrest you, so we will proceed at once to the station."

In vain I tried to persuade the officer that I had made a great mistake, and that I knew nothing of the matter. When I became less excited I saw that the best way was to proceed in a cab to the station and explain matters there. A cab was procured, and while riding I tried to think. I pinched myself to see if I were dreaming. What did it mean? Surely there was a glaring mistake, but I knew not a soul in all Ireland who could vindicate my character, and so my thoughts ran on until I was brought back to my senses by the officer, who suddenly said, "Here we are," and I was marched through a hall into the office, where the charge sheet was filled in, and I was locked in a cell, remonstrance being of no avail.

Having been in the cell some hours, I bethought myself of my story, so I pulled the sheets of paper out of my pocket. The light was, however, too bad to enable me to read by. Determined to do something, I commenced counting the sheets of paper, and found that, instead of there being thirty sheets, there were only twenty-nine. I counted again, and still there was one missing. This was very annoying, inas-
much as I had intended posting my "story" on my arrival at Belfast.

The next thing that puzzled me was my inability to discover from which part of the tale the sheet was missing, for, as I said before, the cell was very dark.

I felt in all my pockets, not once, but about a dozen times, but failed to discover the lost sheet, and so I came to the conclusion that in my hurry I had left it at my lodgings in Whitehaven. Some time passed by, and then a warder lit the gas in the corridor and a stream of light found its way through the hole in the cell door. I once more took out my papers and eagerly read them through, but the most inter-
esting part of the tale was missing—the confession of the villain Edwards.

"What! Yes, I see it all now," I ex-
claimed excitedly. "Warder!" I shouted.

"Now, can't you make less noise there?" answered that functionary, thrusting his face in at the hole in the door.

"Please tell those two gentlemen who arrested me that I wish to speak to them immediately."

Presently the two detectives arrived on the scene and entered my cell.

"Going to confess?" asked one.

"Yes," I replied, "but not to a crime. Will you tell me if the confession I made was on a sheet of paper like that?"

One of them took the sheet, remarking that they had not yet got the full particu-
lars, merely a wire.

I passed a bad night in the cell, and woke early next morning. About 9 o'clock I was informed that the English police had arrived. The superintendent of police from Whitehaven then came to my cell, and I explained to him that I had been writing a tale, and in gathering the loose pages of paper together at my lodgings I had ac-
cidentally left one sheet out. I then handed the twenty-nine sheets to him and he went away. Presently he returned, laughing, saying:

"You have had a narrow escape. How came you to use as your own name that of the man you call Edwards in your story?"

I explained that my name was rather a long one, and that I just gave Mrs. Smith that name as I happened to be writing it at the time. He then took me into the office and handed me the missing sheet, which read as follows:

My name is not Edwards. The young man bearing that name worked by me in America. I quarreled with him, and in an angry moment I slew him and buried him. As his father had not seen him for many years, I came to pass myself off as his son, but I was followed by the police. Now I am going away again. Do not seek me, for you will never find me alive again.

JOE MULLINS.

When I had finished reading it I laughed loud and long, and so did all the officers and men. We had a high time of it that night at my hotel, and next morning I, together with the policemen from England, sailed for Whitehaven. When we arrived there the piers were crowded with people, evidently looking for some one on board. A cab was waiting for us, so as soon as we landed we entered it, amid such exclama-
tions as "That's him with the silk hat on!" "Don't he look happy for a murderer?" etc.

Arrived at the station, matters were ex-
plained and apologies offered, and we parted the best of friends. Poor Mrs. Smith had a splendid tale ready for me, and with her apron in her eye corner she said:

"I thought you couldn't do done such a thing."

The townsfolk soon heard through the papers that the whole affair was a mis-
take, and they considered it a great joke, but it taught me a lesson—never to lie, even in half joking fashion.—Yankee Blade.

A Noble Beginning.

"I am an old man," he said slowly, "and I've lived a long time longer than most men who have lived as long as I have, for there's mighty little in this world that I I oughtn't to know that I don't know, but there is one thing I don't know, and I've been trying to learn it for fifty years, more or less."

"What's that?" interrupted Gamaliel, who is but a beginner.

"Well, my son, it's this: I don't know, and I don't believe I ever shall, why it is that when a man gets home at 3 o'clock in the morning and he finds he hasn't his night key in his pocket he can ring the bell, and thump the door, and throw pobbles up against the windows, and disturb the whole neighborhood, and keeps on doing it for three-quarters of an hour or more before he wakes anybody in the house, but if he gets there at the same time, and has his night key in his pocket, and slips it into the lock as still as a mouse, and turns it without a creak, and shuts the door as softly as his feet fall, and creeps up stairs in his sock feet as stealthily as a cat, and gets into his room as noiselessly as the stars go to their rest, he not only wakes up his wife, but next morning everybody in the house is asking him what he means by coming in at that hour of the night, and if he must come in, then why doesn't he make less racket and not disturb the whole country?"

A Matter of Wonder.

"I see by that sign," said the man in the chair to the barber, "that you hone razors for private use."

"Yes, sir. Have you some that want honing?"

"No; but I was wondering why you didn't hone the razors you use on your customers."—Brooklyn Life.

Making an Application.

Housekeeper—No, no, no! I don't want anything. This is the tenth time I've had to say this this morning.

Tramp Peddler—Don't you want ter hire me to stay here an say it for yer, mah'n?—Harper's Bazar.

The old man in an excess of emotion gasped once or twice and began to mop his brow.

"That's what I don't know, young man," he went on, "and I'd like to live until you have lived as long as I have to see if you can find out, but I don't really believe you ever will."

"I'll try," briefly remarked Gamaliel, and those who know Gamaliel have a sublime confidence that he has made a noble beginning.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

Hit the Ben.

Mrs. Suburb—I threw a stone at a hen and hit it too.

Mr. Suburb—With the stone?

Mrs. Suburb—No, but my ring flew off and hit it right square.—New York Weekly.

A Dog's Decision.

In Hungary it appears that a hard work-
ing knife grinder came to the police author-
ties of the town and reported that a rag-
picker had stolen his dog and still had him.

The matter was looked into, and it was found that the ragpicker had in his posses-
sion a splendid dog of the variety known as the Great Dane, of which he could give no satisfactory account.

The case was brought into court, and the judge decided that the dog himself should settle the matter.

The two claimants were placed at each end of a long table. The dog was led in by a bailiff and held by a string at a point between the judge and the table and exactly half way between the two claimants.

The judge then clapped his hands three times, and the two men began to whistle vigorously to the dog. At the same instant the bailiff loosed the animal.

The Great Dane looked at the ragpicker, then at the knife grinder; then at one bound he cleared the table, rushed down an aisle of the court room and disappeared through the door, to the astonishment of the court and the spectators.

The fact was that the dog belonged to neither of the contestants, but to a gentle-
man to whose house he went straight from the court room. He had been stolen suc-
cessively by both the knife grinder and the ragpicker.—Exchange.

A Gigantic Goddess of War.

In the Japanese capital there is a giant-
ic image of a woman made of wood, iron and plaster. The time of its erection and the name of its designer are in dispute, but it is known to have been dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures fifty-four feet, the head alone, which is reached by a winding stairway in the interior of the figure, being capable of holding a company of twenty persons. The goddess holds a sword in her right hand and a huge painted wooden ball in the left. Internally the statue is the finest anatomical model in existence, every bone, joint and ligament being represented on a gigantic scale in proportion to the height and general size of the huge figure itself. The large eyes are magnifying glasses, through which a fine view of the surround-
ing country may be had.—St. Louis Republic.

Shooting Stars.

The shooting stars are small bodies, weighing at most a few pounds, and consist-
ing mainly of iron and carbon. They traverse space in swarms and also revolve around the sun in long, elliptical courses, like the comets. When these little bodies enter the earth's orbit they are deflected toward the earth, and great numbers are seen in a single night.—Public Opinion.

A Pleasant Change.

Mrs. Witherby—Aren't you sleeping much better than you were? You look so much fresher.

Mrs. Bingo—Yes, indeed. Now that we are without a servant I am occupy-
ing my own room.—New York Herald.

A Good Season.

Belle—What a beautiful cluster pin you wear! Where did you get it?

Kittie—Had it made of the stones in my seaside engagement rings.—Jewel-
ers' Weekly.

He Talked Too Much.

"Wouldn't you like to try our hair re-
storer, sah?"

"Is yo' head a specimen recommenda-
tion?"

"No; that's the style this season."

"Well, I guess I'll be in the fash-
ion too."—Harper's Weekly.

The Strongest Man.

Stranger—Don't talk to me about Abs! Pooh! To lift 200 pounds is nothing at all! Just look at these muscles! I'll bet any money that I can stop a train with my right hand!

Regular Customer—Thunder and turf! Then you must be a professional ath-
lete!

Stranger—No, an engine driver! Tagliche Rundschau.

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What's in a Name?

"My name," said the distinguished lecturer, Professor Nudell, to the forgetful citizen who was about to intro-
duce him, "is pronounced with the em-
phasis on the first syllable."

"Exactly," said the citizen in a back-
handed whisper: "ladies and gentle-
men, I now have the honor of introduc-
ing the distinguished orator of the eve-
ning, whose name must already be fa-
miliar to you, Professor Noodle, who
will now address you."

And the orator of the evening stood
before them dumb with rage.—Detroit
Free Press.

A Social Departure.



"Allow me, madame, to introduce my friend."

"But, sir, I have never met you."

"Oh, that makes no difference. My friend will introduce me."—Fliegende Blätter.

In His Own Good Time.

Of course it was evening.

The man who leaned fondly over the
woman playing at the piano was no
longer young.

Neither was the woman.

"Plinkity, plink, plinkity, plink."

The man tenderly turned a leaf and
sighed.

"Plink, plink, tumity, tum, tum."

The woman played two notes which
were not in the score and sighed also.

"Hannah."

"What?"

"Tumity, tumity, tumity, tum, tum."

"Is it, Robert?"

The man averted his face to hide his
agitation.

"Plink, plinkity, plink, plink."

The woman blushed a rosy red.

"Hannah, I've!"

"Tumity, tum, ti, tum."

"Yes, Robert."

The woman was playing many notes
not to be seen upon the score. Her
hands trembled as they glided over the
keys.

"Plinkity, plink."

"As I was saying, Hannah, I've been
coming to see you a long time."

"Tumity, tum, tum."

"You have indeed, Robert."

"Plink, plink."

The touch of the trembling hands was
becoming feeble.

"Most fifteen years, Hannah."

"Plink."

"Yes, Robert."

"Don't you think, Hannah?"